And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harueſt waſt, my hope away dyd wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
Theyr rootes bene dryed vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my *Rolalind* this ſpighe
To ſpil the flowres, that ſhould her girlond dighe,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Vnto the chirking of the ſhepheards foote:
Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And caſt hem out, as rotten and buſcote.
The loſer Laſſe I caſt to pleaſe nomore,
One if I pleaſe, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harueſt hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue thraſht in ſwelling ſheaue,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe ſhould in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My ſpring is ſpent, my ſommer burnt vp quite:
My barneſte hasts to ſtirre vp winter ſterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right.
So nowe he ſtormes with many a ſturdy ſtoure,
So now his bluſtring blaſt eche coſte doth ſcoure.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head beſprent with hoary froſt I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright.
Delight is layd abedde, and pleaſure paſt,
No ſonne now ſhines, cloudes han all ouercaſt.

Now leaue ye ſhepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muſe is hoarſe and weary of thys ſtounde:
Here

Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree
Was neuer pype of reede did better ſound
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter
And after Winter dreerie death does lour.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me ſo liefe:
Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greate
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delightes, that lulled me aſleepe,
Adieu my deare, whoſe loue I bought ſo
Adieu my little Lambes and loued ſheepe
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witneſſe
Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was ſo true
Tell *Roſalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft ſayd. Lambkins
Als of thon) Semeth to expreſſe Virgils verſe Pan cur
Deigne) voutchſafe. Eabinet) Colinet) dimi nutin
Maze) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get o
Peres) fellowes and companions.
Muſick) that is Poetry as Terence ſayth Qui artem tractant
Deming doe) aforeſayd.
Lions houſe) He imagineth ſimply that Cupid, vvhich is lou
ſigne Leo, vvhich is in middeſt of iomet; a prettie ac
is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie hea
Hiray) vvhich is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.
A Comete) a blaſing ſtarre, meant of beautie, which vvas
Venus) the goddeſſe of beauty or pleaſure. Alſo a ſigne in h
he meaneth that beautie, which hath alvvayes aſpe
all his vnquietnes in loue.
Vvhere I was) a fine diſcription of the chaunge of hys lyfe